"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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THE DYING SORROW:

A REMINISCENCE.

"I am so glad to see you," said the dying old man; "has an angel led you hither? how have you penetrated into this recess; don't be scared away from this room by any incivility that may be offered you; stay with me one hour—I will soon be no more; you'll comfort me, and I will leave a word for our churches."

A female just now entered the room—a tall, fine looking woman, with a melancholy cast of countenance; and she repeated, with a kind of sneer, "a word for your churches." "Oh, God," she fervently uttered, "may it be that he dies, trusting in the merit of the blood that can only save from the death and misery that knows no dying."

"My dear Ellen, my daughter, by the love I have shown you, by the remembrance of her who died as I wish to die, whom you bent over and kissed, and wept, and believed had gone to heaven; and by the firmness I have shown in this matter of faith, do leave me, my dear, for one hour; this may be the last request of your father: do, my dear!" She left the room, and closed the door.

I had seen the old gentleman at our worship for a few Sabbath mornings; I had missed him from the chapel, and by mere chance learned where he was staying, and was guided by a little inmate of the house to his room. He was a stranger in the town, had come to visit his daughter, and was dying.

"Sit down, sir," said the old man; "your presence is a ray of light in this room; what you have already heard best informs you of the character of the sympathy I have in this place."

I felt a little agitated, so unexpected was the whole character of the meeting. I said, "If I may be allowed to read a few portions of Scripture, they may calm my own mind, and yours, and comfort with a few words of prayer for us all."

"It will so oblige," said the old man.

I took out my pocket bible, and read about a dozen texts from different parts of the Scripture, commencing, "Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: thou, O Lord, art our Father, our redeemer; thy name is from everlasting:" and at last concluding with, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc.

"I can die," said the old man, "through the assurance of divine love—unworthy as part of my life may have been—at peace with God, at peace with the world, and at peace with my own conscience. The greatest trouble I have is the unworthy state of mind into which my daughter has fallen about my salvation."

"Till the age of one-and-twenty she attended my place of worship, was religious, I can assure you—religious without being theological. She was wooed and wed, and went with her husband to his church; became a subject, she says, of 'divine grace;' theological it appears to me, without being religious. Hence the scene you have witnessed. Let my words go forth, let our youths, with the sweetness of religious life breathed by our churches, be strengthened with a reason for the hope that is in them. This would have saved my daughter. That worse than idle talk, of a religion without a theology, prepares for the other extreme of a theology without a religion. Begin soon, and save our youths from the infidelity that threatens on the one hand, and the superstition that wins on the other."

THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was sorrow in the house—there was sorrow in the heart; for the youngest child, a little boy of four years of age, the only son, his parents' present joy and future hope, was dead. Two daughters they had, indeed, older than their boy—the eldest was almost old enough to be confirmed—amiable, sweet girls they both were; but the lost child is always the dearest, and he was the youngest, and a son. It was a heavy trial. The sisters sorrowed as young hearts sorrow, and were much afflicted by their parents' grief; the father was weighed down by the affliction, but the mother was quite overwhelmed by the terrible blow. By night and by day had she devoted herself to her sick child, watched him, lifted him up, carried him about, done everything for him herself. She had felt as if he were a part of herself. She would not bring herself to believe that he was dead—that he should be laid in a coffin and concealed in the grave. God would not take the child from her. Oh no! And when he was taken, and she could no longer refuse to believe the truth, she exclaimed, in her wild grief: "God has not ordained this! He has heartless agents here on earth. They do what they list—they hearken not to a mother's prayer!"

She dared, in her woe, to arraign the Most High; and then came dark thoughts, the thoughts of death—everlasting death—that human beings returned as earth to earth, and then all was over. Amidst thoughts morbid and impious as these, there could be nothing to console her, and she sank into the darkest depth of despair.

In these hours of deepest distress she could not weep. She thought not of the young daughters who were left to her; her husband's tears fell on her brow, but she did not look up at him—her thoughts were with her dead child; her whole heart and soul were wrapped up in recalling every reminiscence of the lost one, every syllable of his infantile prattle.

The day of the funeral came. She had not slept the night before, but toward morning she was overcome by fatigue, and sank for a short time into repose. During that time the coffin was removed into another apartment, and the cover was screwed down with as little noise as possible.

When she awoke, she arose and wished to see her child. Then her husband, with tears in his eyes, told her, "We have closed the coffin; it had to be done!"

"When the Almighty is so hard on me," she exclaimed, "why should human beings be kinder?" and she burst into tears.

The coffin was carried to the grave. The inconsolable mother sat with her young daughters. She looked at them, but she did not see them; her thoughts had nothing more to do with home; she gave herself up to wretchedness, and it tossed her about as the sea tosses the ship which has lost its helmsman and its rudder. Thus passed the day of the funeral, and several days followed amidst the same uniform heavy grief. With tearful eyes and melancholy looks her afflicted family gazed at her. She did not care for what comforted them. What could they say to change the current of her mournful thoughts?

It seemed as if sleep had fled from her for ever; it alone would be her best friend, strengthen her frame, and recall peace to her mind. Her family persuaded her to keep her bed, and she lay there as still as if buried in sleep. One night her husband had listened to her breathing, and believing from it that she had at length found repose and relief, he clasped his hands, prayed for her, and for them all, then sank into peaceful slumber. While sleeping soundly, he did not perceive that she rose, dressed herself, and softly left the room and the house, to go—whither her thoughts wandered by day and by night—to the grave that hid her child. She passed quietly through the garden, out to the fields, beyond which the road led outside of the town to the churchyard. No one saw her, and she saw no one.

It was a fine night; the stars were shining brightly, and the air was mild, although it was the first of September. She entered the churchyard, and went to

the little grave; it looked like one great *bouquet* of sweet-scented flowers. She threw herself down and bowed her head over the grave, as if she could through the solid earth behold her little boy, whose smile she remembered so vividly. The affectionate expression of his eyes, even upon his sick-bed, was never, never to be forgotten. How speaking had not his glance been when she had bent over him, and taken the little hand he was himself too weak to raise. As she had sat by his couch, so now she sat by his grave; but here her tears might flow freely over the sod that covered him.

"Wouldst thou descend to thy child?" said a voice close by.

It sounded so clear, so deep, its tones went to her heart. She looked up, and near her stood a man wrapped in a large mourning cloak, with a hood drawn over the head; but she could see the countenance under this. It was severe, and yet encouraging; his eyes were bright as those of youth.

"Descend to my child!" she repeated, and there was the agony of despair in her voice.

"Darest thou follow me?" asked the figure. "I am Death."

She bowed her assent. Then it seemed all at once as if every star in the heavens above shone with the light of the moon. She saw the many-coloured flowers on the surface of the grave move like a fluttering garment. She sank, and the figure threw his dark cloak round her. It became night—the night of death. She sank deeper than the spade could reach. The churchyard lay like a roof above her head.

The cloak that had enveloped her glided to one side. She stood in an immense hall, whose extremities were lost in the distance. It was dusk around her, but before her stood, and in one moment was clasped to her heart, her child, who smiled on her in beauty far surpassing what he had possessed before. She uttered a cry, though it was scarcely audible, for, close by, and then far away, and afterwards near again, came delightful music. Never before had such glorious, such blessed sounds, reached her ears. They rang from the other side of the thick curtain—black as night—that separated the hall from the boundless space of eternity.

"My sweet mother! my own mother!" she heard her child exclaim. It was his well-known, most beloved voice; and kiss followed kiss in rapturous joy. At length the child pointed to the sable curtain.

"There is nothing so charming up yonder on earth, mother. Look, mother! look at them all! That is felicity!"

The mother saw nothing—nothing in the direction to which the child pointed, except darkness, like that of night. She saw with earthly eyes. She did not see as did the child whom God had called to himself. She heard, indeed, sounds—music; but she did not understand the words that were conveyed in these exquisite tones.

"I can fly now, mother," said the child. "I can fly with other happy children, away, even into the presence of God. I wish so much to go; but if you cry on as you are crying now, I cannot leave you, and yet I should be so glad to go. May I not? You will come back soon, will you not, dear mother?"

"Oh, stay! oh, stay!" she cried, "only one moment more. Let me gaze on you one moment longer; let me kiss you, and hold you a moment longer in my arms."

And she kissed him and held him fast. Then her name was called from above—the tones were those of piercing grief. What could they be?

"Hark!" said the child; "it is my father calling on you."

And again, in a few seconds, deep sobs were heard, as of children weeping.

"These are my sisters' voices," said the child. "Mother, you have surely not forgotten them?"

Then she remembered those who were left behind. A deep feeling of anxiety pervaded her mind; she gazed intently before her, and spectres seemed to hover around her; she fancied that she knew some of them; they floated through the Hall of Death, on toward the dark curtain, and there they vanished. Would her husband, her daughters, appear here? No; their lamentations were still to be heard from above. She had nearly forgotten them for the dead.

"Mother, the bells of heaven are

ringing," said the child. "Now the sun is about to rise."

And an overwhelming, blinding light, streamed around her. The child was gone, and she felt herself lifted up. She raised her head, and saw that she was lying in the churchyard, upon the grave of her child. But in her dream God had become a prop for her feet, and a light for her mind. She threw herself on her knees and prayed:

"Forgive me, O Lord, my God, that I wished to detain an everlasting soul from its flight into eternity, and that I forgot my duties to the living Thou hast graciously spared me!"

And as she uttered this prayer, it appeared as if her heart felt lightened of the burden that crushed it. Then the sun broke forth in all its splendour, and little birds sang overhead, and all the church bells around began to ring the matin chimes. All seemed holy around her; her heart seemed to have drunk in faith and holiness; she acknowledged the might and the mercy of God; she remembered her duties, and felt a longing to regain her home. She hurried thither, and, leaning over her still sleeping husband, she awoke him with the touch of her warm lips on his cheek. Her words were those of love and consolation, and, in a tone of mild resignation, she exclaimed, "God's will is the best!"

Her husband and her daughters were astonished at the change in her, and her husband asked her, "Where did you so suddenly acquire this strength — this pious resignation?"

And she smiled on him and her daughters, as she replied, "I derived it from God, by the grave of my child!"

THE REASONABLENESS OF UNITARIANISM.

The following remarkable statement is found in a Sermon recently published by a clergyman of the Church of England, Rev. W. Parks, of Manchester. "Unitarianism stands the highest in the scale of reason. It is pre-eminently a rational form of religion. What can be more absurd to a thinking and educated man than the doctrine of the Trinity,—the eternal generation of the Son of God—the personality of the Holy Ghost—the atonement of the Son of God—God manifest in the flesh—the existence of Satan. If you and I were to consult our reason, and were to decide upon the evidence, I am certain we should be Unitarians."

THE STATE CHURCH.

BY REV. J. ELLIS.

Compare the origin of the Church of Christ with that of the Church of England. The Church of England is the creature of human law, the Church of Christ is the creation of God; *this* is a formation from without, *that* a growth from within; *this* had its origin in passion, *that* was born in love; the founder of *this* was a wicked sensualist, devoutly superstitious, a true Pharisee, who heard mass five times a-day—thrice on hunting days, besides vespers in the chamber of his Queen, a learned bigot, avaricious, and cruel. The founder of *that* was pure, holy, blameless, without spot or blemish, the Son of God, the emblem of His Father's glory, the express image of His person. The first members of *this* were persecutors — whips and racks, chains and dungeons, fire and faggots were the arguments they used; the first members of *that* were honest inquirers after truth, who gave up all they had themselves to follow Christ and bless mankind. The faithful followers of Christ were hunted like partridges, murdered, banished by the founders of the Church of England. The first act of the Church of England was to seize more than one-third of the whole real property of the land, and divide it among noblemen, gentlemen, and persons of power, in order to bind them to the church of law. The first act of the Church of Christ was to go out among the poor, the ignorant, the despised; healing the sick, cleansing the leper, blessing all.

The Church of England proclaimed one creed one day, an opposite creed another day, burnt Catholics for rejecting one, burnt Protestants for rejecting the other. 325 years ago Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, was beheaded, because he was a Catholic; soon after that, John Lambert, who had been persecuted by More, when he was in power, was burnt at the stake by the Supreme Head of the Church, because he rejected the very opinions which More embraced. When John Lambert's legs and thighs were burnt to the stumps, and there was not fire enough to con-

sume him, the officers of the Supreme Head of the Church of England raised up his body on their halberts, he denying the king's supremacy with his dying breath, and crying out, "None but Christ, none but Christ!"

The principles declared by the head of the Church of England, 321 years ago, were:—1.—In the sacrament of the altar, after the consecration, there remaineth no substance of the bread and wine, but under these forms the natural body and blood of Christ are present. 2.—Communions in both kinds are not necessary to salvation to all persons, by the law of God, but the flesh and blood of Christ are together in each of the kinds. 3.—Priests, after the full order of Priesthood, might not marry, by the law of God. 4.—Vows of chastity ought to be observed, by the law of God. 5.—Private masses ought to be continued. 6.—Auricular confession is expedient and necessary, and ought to be ordained by the Church. The first act of the church-making Parliament was to thank the king for the articles; and the first law given was—"That if any person, after the 12th of July, should speak, preach, or write against the first article, he should be judged as a heretic, burnt without abjuration, forfeit all real and personal property to the king." Under this bloody statute, in a very short time 500 were cast into prison; Cromwell, who had read John Lambert's sentence only a few months before, was beheaded; Barnes, Gerard, and Jerome, famous preachers, were condemned to be burnt, though Protestants; Abel, Featherstone, and Parvel were condemned to be burnt, for denying the king's supremacy; one Protestant was coupled with one Papist, and dragged to the stake on the same hurdle.

The principles declared by the Head of the Christian Church, were briefly that temperance, truthfulness, righteousness, self-sacrifice, humility, holiness, active benevolence, are acceptable to God. The new commandments were — forgive as you would be forgiven, do as you would be done unto, love one another; and, in obedience to this, the first Christians had all things in common, sold their possessions, and gave to every one as every one had need.

The Church of England finding that its Supreme Head had not succeeded in producing uniformity, enacted "That whatsoever was determined by Archbishops, Bishops, and other divines, and published by the king's authority, concerning the Christian faith of ceremonies of the Church, should be believed and obeyed by all the king's subjects. "The Church of Christ received the Scriptures as the only rule of faith and practice; and Paul said, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

When the Church of England could withhold the Bible no longer, it allowed six Bibles to be chained in St. Paul's, so that those who could read, might read them there; and it passed an Act in 1543, to allow noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants (if householders), to read the Bible at home; but no *woman*, no *artificer*, no *apprentice*, no *journeyman*, no *servingman*, no *husbandman*, no *labourer* might read the Bible. In the Church of Christ all were encouraged to search the Scriptures, to prove all things, and hold fast that which was good. The Church of England had a way of its own to promote confession. There was an accomplished Nonconformist lady at court, Anne Askew; the great men in office took off their gowns and stretched her upon the rack, with their own hands they tortured her, in hope that she would implicate the Queen, whom the King was tired of, but all in vain; she bore it without a cry, she fainted on being loosed; night came on, she could not stand, she was brought on a chair, held up against the stake, while the chain was fastened, and with other good women burned to death. The King's pardon was offered her if she would recant, but she said, she had not come there to deny her Lord.

The Church of Christ used no method but that of persuasion, and appeals to truth, and right, and love, addressed to reason for the purpose of changing opinions. The Head of the Church of England, after beheading two of his Queens, divorcing other two, hastening the death of a fifth, and rendering the life of the sixth a life of misery; after staining the fair earth with the blood of

the innocent, and leaving behind a name disgraceful to the race, was called to his account. The Head of the Church of Christ, after having infused into the race a new life—a truthful, righteous, loving, self-sacrificing, holy, brave life—voluntarily suffered death, rather than be false to his mission, and rose again to be the head of His church for evermore.

When the Head of the Church of England was dead, a little boy, nine years of age, took his place; the Church said he was a very fine boy. The Head of the Church of Christ never dies. The Church, with its new head, punished people for ridiculing its folly, repealed the bloody statute, permitted communion in both kinds, removed images out of the churches, allowed priests to marry, declared tradition to possess no authority, affirmed lent to be only a political institution, appointed the liturgy to be remodelled, a catechism to be composed, new ecclesiastical canons to be framed, all by the authority of this little boy. Twelve homilies were prepared, a committee was appointed to draw up a new liturgy, and a proclamation issued inhibiting all persons whatsoever from preaching: that throughout the land the homilies might be heard, and uniformity established, and that all who disobeyed this proclamation should be imprisoned. The committee did its work; the book of common prayer was produced, and the church-making Parliament gave "His Highness," the little boy, lowly thanks, and appointed it to be used throughout the realm.

Ministers of religion could not change their opinions at the command of this little boy; none but the dishonest could profess to do so, hence another Act had to be passed, as follows:—"All ministers shall be bound to use the matins, songs, celebration of the sacrament, and all other common and open prayer in such order and form as is mentioned in the above book; whoever shall disobey, shall, for the first offence, forfeit one years benefice, and be imprisoned for six months; for the second offence, be imprisoned for one year, and be deprived for ever from all spiritual promotion; for the third offence, shall be imprisoned for life." The Church of Christ continued daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favour with the people, and the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.

The Church of England caused this boy king to sign the death warrant of Joan Bocher, a Kentish woman, of good education, who was burnt for her obedience to Christ, and her faithfulness to God. Dr. Hooper declined his bishopric rather than be false to his convictions, and Cranmer and Ridley cast him into prison. All failed to promote uniformity of thought, and Cranmer was appointed to frame new articles; forty-two articles were then agreed upon, and though they were never laid before the convocation, nor before Parliament, though a select party obtained the royal boy's sanction, and published them with this false title—"Articles agreed upon by the bishops and other learned and godly men, in the last convocation at London, 1552, to root out the discord of opinion, and established the agreement of true religion." Those who refused to subscribe to them were ejected from their livings, and thus the first principles of Protestantism were evaded by the infant Protestant church.

From this time, 1548, modern Nonconformity dates its existence; the founders of Conformity were those who weathered the storm under Henry VIII.; those who possessed the best preferments under Edward VI. and still retained many of the rites of the Romish church. Cranmer and Ridley were the highest and hottest Conformists of that day; the founders of Nonconformity were such as left England rather than violate conscience, and returned when the fire ceased to burn. These men renounced every vestige of Popery; they were led by John Rogers and John Hooper. The boy king died at the age of sixteen, and Mary, the Papist, reigned in his stead.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A valuable Monthly Serial, "The Midland Unitarian Record," 1d., by the Rev. P. W. Clayden, Nottingham. —THE ATONEMENT, treated in twenty chapters, by the Rev. H. Solly, Lancaster. "This work contains the result of many years conscientious examination of Scripture truth and human speculation."—Price 5s. Subscribers names can be sent to the Author. The work will be published as soon as a sufficient number of names are received.

THE BOY'S FIRST PRAYER.

"Did your mother never learn you to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven?'"

"No."

"Nor, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"No; is that the way to pray?"

"One way. But wouldn't you like to learn to pray?"

"Oh, yes, but I have no one to teach me."

"Poor child, I will teach you," said the man, and taking the boy's hand in his own, he led him into a corner of the fence, and the two knelt in the dim starlight. Then there was a moment's pause, and when in low, solemn tones he pronounced the Lord's prayer, the child listened eagerly. His little hands were clasped, his eyes upraised, and his heart thrilled to the music of the beautiful words. He scarcely breathed till the "amen" was said.

"Did God hear that up in the sky?"

"Yes, I hope so," replied the man.

"Then please to say it again. It is beautiful to talk so to God."

And the man complied with the child's request, and although there were some big words which he did not understand, the general meaning of the petition was plain to him as day. And all the way home he kept saying, to himself, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." There was a sort of holy music in the words, and they awoke a responsive melody in the child's heart, which was new and strange. As he climbed the old stairway in the darkness, and entered his little room, he said, "If it makes folks feel like this to pray, I wonder that they do not pray always," and dropping on his knees before the bed, he repeated, almost word for word, the beautiful prayer.

Never had he laid his head to rest with such a glad heart before. It seemed, almost, as though a window had been opened in his bosom, and a holy light, right from the realms of glory, shone in upon his soul. He thought he heard music, and lulled by its gentle harmony, he lay for a long time in a delicious, half-dreamy reverie, and his last waking thought was,

"*Our Father who art in heaven.*"

ATHEISM.

Atheism, says Mr. Giles, is the most terrible of all professions; if we could believe a man to be in this state, not only in his speculations, but also in his feelings, we should regard him with the most sorrowful wonder. If such a man there is, his spirit dwells in darkness; futurity to him is an eternal grave, an eternal night; to him the universe is a dead and dumb conglomeration of forms without souls, and of sounds without import. The sun is day after day in the heavens, the stars night after night in the sky; but to him day unto day uttereth no speech, night unto night showeth no knowledge.

Flowers bloom and fade, but he sees no meaning in the change; ocean rolls its mighty waves, with the heavens bending over it in glory; he hears no voice of Almighty power with which "deep calleth upon deep." The year revives; spring clothes the fields in green; the genial sun melts the snow from the valleys; verdure covers the earth, and joy sweetens the heart of all that lives. Autumn comes, painting the leaves with various hues; gentle airs begin to murmur in the woods, that sound sweetly on the ear, with a thoughtful and solemn music. Winter enters last; the sky darkens; the wind is chilled; the beasts of the field all come for shelter to the abode of man; the tempest gathers itself, beats the mount, and rolls down its deluge into the valleys; inmates dwell safely in the home, and comfort glows apace on the hearth. Amidst all these affecting phenomena, the atheist acknowledges no God, and thanks no Father.

Amid the affairs of nations constituting the drama of destiny and time, in all their mysterious succession of causes and of consequences, the atheist discerns no sovereign intellect, no guiding Providence; this would surely be appalling, if we were not fully persuaded that all such philosophy must meet its denial and its counteraction in the living experience of the human soul. Such atheism makes a man acknowledge no rule but that of expediency, no standard but that of selfishness, no God but that of materialism.

PHILOSOPHY *versus* THE BIBLE.

We are never disposed to let go the statements of the Bible, because of the mere theories of philosophers. We reverence philosophy, and all the good it brings with it; but let philosophers agree among themselves, and afford a unanimous testimony against some Bible fact, before they expect us to give it up as unscientific or untrue. We have known many men talk largely against the Mosaic account of creation, from some little smattering of science they had learned; while the thorough student and eminent philosopher, who had made science a life study, was not so sure that Moses had made any mistake, or statement at variance with scientific fact. There are no doubt many people like the sailor's mother, who denied the existence of flying fish, because not in the Bible, but could believe her son had found a wheel of Pharaoh's carriage in the Red Sea; so, on the contrary, there are many who eagerly espouse a philosopher's theory because it seems to militate against the Bible. Darwin has innumerable followers, as he appears to explain the origin of species; how an oyster, an elephant, an eagle, a man, in fact all animals vertebrate and invertebrate, have sprung from one pair; and believers in Darwin make faces at Moses. We are not inclined to accept Darwin's theory, and think less of Moses, because Darwin has spent twenty years in elaborating such an argument to prove his case. We need only look at the writings of a man not less eminent than Darwin —Professor Agassiz—whose love of science is almost unequalled in this age: he has examined Darwin's theory, and blown it away like chaff, unworthy of a serious thought. Darwin would have some difficulty in finding any fragments of truth in his theory, after reading Agassiz upon it. "The arguments presented," Agassiz says, "by Darwin, have not made the slightest impression on my mind, nor modified in any way the view I have already propounded. Had Mr. Darwin, or his followers, furnished a single fact to show that individuals change in the course of time, in such a manner as to produce at last species different from these known before, the state of the case might be different. The origin of all the diversity among living beings remains a mystery as totally unexplained as if the book of Mr. Darwin had never been written, for no theory unsupported by fact, however plausible it may appear, can be admitted in science." (We beg our readers to ponder the following words of Agassiz.) "Suffice it to say, that Darwin has lost sight of the most striking of the features, and the one which pervades the whole—namely, that there runs throughout nature unmistakeable evidences of thought corresponding to the mental operations of our own minds, and therefore intelligible to us as thinking beings, and unaccountable on any other basis than that they owe their existence to the work of intelligence. There are naturalists who seem to look upon the idea of creation—that is, a manifestation of an intellectual power by material means—as a kind of bigotry, forgetting, no doubt, that whenever they carry out a thought of their own, they do something akin to creating, unless they look upon the lucubrations as something in which their own individuality is not concerned, but arising without an intervention of their minds, in consequence of the working of some 'bundles of forces' about which they knew nothing themselves. And yet such men are willing to admit that matter is omnipotent, and consider a disbelief in the omnipotence of matter as tantamount to imbecility; for what is the assumed power of matter to produce all finite beings but omnipotence?"

To us it oftentimes appears painful the facility with which some men, whose position should guard them against assailing a book, and weakening its title to respect, a book of inestimable worth—THE BIBLE—from the unsupported theories of such men as Darwin. The large-minded, and none superstitious German, *Goethe*, has added this testimony to the Bible: "The higher the centuries ascend, in civilization, the more the Bible will be found, and made available, not by pretenders, indeed, but by truly wise men, partly as basis, and partly as instrument of education." We are no bibliolaters; nor do we like unfounded flings at a book so worthy of respect.

THE PARISIAN SHOPKEEPER.

A QUIET and unobtrusive marriage was celebrated, some days ago, at the Church of St. Eustache, which stands at the head of the busy Rue Montmarte, facing the great market houses, and serving as the principal parish chapel of, perhaps, the most populous middle class quarter of the capital. Every house in the neighbourhood of St. Eustache has one or more retail shops on the ground floor, and, in most cases, the entire building has six stories of tradesmen, doing business for themselves, or labouring for business establishments in all parts of the city. I make this species of parenthetical observation, to indicate the character of the marriage mentioned as having been solemnized before the altar of St. Eustache. The bride was a blushing demoiselle of eighteen, the adopted daughter and shop-assistant of a worthy couple, who kept a prosperous ribbon and tape store in the Rue Montorgueil. The bridegroom, a stout, manly-looking youth of twenty-three, was (and is still) a journeyman cabinet-maker, earning good wages at his trade, and on the point of commencing business, in a small way, for himself.

As soon as the ceremony which made these young people one had been concluded, the wedding party left the Church, and, in conformity with an invariable custom among the French middling and working classes, proceeded to a *restaurant* to partake of the nuptial repast, ordered by the adopted father of the bride, "regardless of expense." Toward the close of the feast, when the company were occupied in clinking glasses and proposing the health of everybody in general, Julie, the bride, took the worthy ribbon dealer's hand, and in a voice which betrayed how deep was her emotion, said to him: "My dear Monsieur Dauvain, now that one of the happiest moments of my life has arrived—a life which you and Madame Dauvain have rendered so bright and so full of contentment—tell me how it is that you, who have no interest of relationship in me, who can gain nothing in return, save my eternal love and gratitude—how is it that you have always manifested for me a tender bounty which I could have scarcely looked for, even in a father and mother? I was but a poor orphan child; you adopted me, took me as your own, gave me a good education, entrusted your business to my hands, and made me in every respect your equal. To crown all these kind acts, when you learned that I loved an humble workman rather than some substantial merchant of your own rank, instead of opposing my predilections at a time when I might have easily conquered a preference disapproved of by my best friends, you encouraged and fostered my affection for Emile, consented to our marriage, and have signed the papers which are to place me in possession of a wedding gift of twenty thousand francs, to commence housekeeping, and enable my husband to establish himself in business. This is the crowning act of your bounty, and I am overwhelmed by it. There must be some reason for your noble and touching solicitude in my behalf; and though no fancied duty could have ever required from you a tithe of the generosity you have lavished upon me, I feel that some secret cause has influenced your conduct, and I ask you, frankly, if the present moment is not appropriate to tell me the story of your benevolence? Will you add to my debt of gratitude by granting this request? Indeed, indeed, dear Monsieur Dauvain, it is not idle curiosity which prompts me!"

"I know it is not, my child, and you only anticipate my own intentions," replied the old man. "You shall learn the truth. I had, as you suppose, a motive in adopting you; a selfish motive, perhaps, though not the one which slanderers who have taken upon themselves to discuss our affairs have chosen to attribute my conduct. You have no doubt heard some whispers of those infamous calumnies; that, if I had taken you, an infant, into my house, and brought you up as if you were my own daughter, there was very good reason for it; and that I had 'trumped up a plausible story to deceive my wife,' who, in spite of the ignoble insinuations more than once whispered into her ears, has never manifested toward you, Julie, any feeling save that of a mother."

"Never!" exclaimed the young girl.

"She has always been as tender toward me as the most loving and indulgent of parents could be."

"Well," continued the honest tradesman, "I am prepared, in explaining to you what you doubtless consider a mystery, to show how false and contemptible were these gossiping rumours. There is no relationship between you and me, Julie, other than that of affectionate interest."

At this moment the company began to rise from the table, to clear the room for dancing. Half-a-dozen youngsters gathered around the bride, to beg the honour of her hand for the first quadrille.

"Not now," said M. Dauvain; "I have something particular to say to my ward. Go on with your amusement. We will join you presently."

And in order to prevent further interruption, the old man gently led her into the embrasure of a large window. Drawing from his breast pocket a small parcel, covered with stout paper, M. Dauvain carefully removed the outside envelope, took from within a letter, and placed it in his adopted daughter's hand.

"That contains the whole secret, Julie. Read it. It was written to me by your own mother."

M. Dauvain wiped his eyes, into which two big tears had come, whilst the bride tremblingly opened the letter, and read as follows:

"Sir,—I was earning a modest subsistence in my little shop, selling ribbons, pins, thread, tape, needles, and such small wares, and I managed to buy bread for my little girl, as well as I could, for a poor widow, left friendless in the world. In an unlucky hour, you have come and established a fine shop just across the street, and I can not compete with your handsome window and extensive assortment of goods. You have destroyed me. I do not sell a franc's worth in a day now. I can not give my child food, and I am about to leave her to starve, unless you will think it your duty to protect her. Her name is Julie. She is three years old, and her father was killed by an accident. Before this reaches you I shall be dead, for I am about to throw myself into the Seine. God will pardon this act of despair, and He will put it into your heart to save my little one. My darling Julie, thy mother adores thee, but she must die. We have not a crust left, and I owe more than three hundred francs to the landlord, who has given me notice to quit. Good bye, dearest. I have no strength left to struggle with the world. The poor orphan child will find a protecter, and God will forgive thy mother. Adieu, my own darling, until we meet in heaven! ALBERTINE RUOY."

From the first few lines Julie understood all, and her tears mingled with those which streamed down the cheeks of poor M. Dauvain, as he listened to this reproachful letter, read by the daughter of the woman he had innocently driven to despair and death. But the young creature's distress lasted only for a moment. Throwing her arms around her protector's neck, and kissing away his tears, she begged him to be comforted.

"You have more than obeyed my unhappy mother's injunction," she said, gently, "and from heaven she looks down upon you, and blesses you, my more than father."

And now, let me ask if the Parisians must all be set down as destitute of the nobler impulses of the human heart; and whether even greater satirists may not sometimes be mistaken.—*Exchange.*

A LESSON TO BEGINNERS.

"DEAR me," said Mrs. A., "I wonder your Johnny did sae ill in the same shop that you did sae weel in."

"Hoot, woman," answered Mrs. B., "it's nae wonder at a'."

"Weel," replied Mrs. A., "how did it happen?"

"I'll tell you how it happened," replied Mrs. B. "Ye maun ken, when Tam and me began to merchandise, we took parritch night and morning, and kail to our dinner. When things grew better, we took tea for our breakfast. And weel, woman, the age mended, and we sometimes coft a lamb leg for a Sunday dinner, and before we gae up, we sometimes coft a chuckie, we were doing sae weel. Now ye maun ken, when Johnny began to merchandise, he began with the chuckie first."

A CHEERFUL RELIGION.

The name of one Italian priest will go down to posterity blessed by every generation. Philip Neri, of the sixteenth century, we mean, who laboured to throw a charm around the services of religion, by making it continually contribute to the usefulness and happiness of all. "Be as good as you can; and praise the Lord by enjoying yourselves," was his familiar charge. He made children his special care. He founded the order of the pastors and preachers, as the Catholic oratorios maintain to this day. The aid of music he invoked to convey instruction, and which led to the modern oratorio, so highly valued. We are told that Neri, in all simplicity and fervour, with his great learning, genius, and refinement, won the affection of all, and like a shepherd led them forth to green pastures and still waters; enjoyed himself in the midst of the people's pleasures, and directed them into channels that were always pure and good. Hear the old pastor, dismissing his charge, we should often repeat his words, "God bless you, my dear children; be as good as you can. Now, now praise the Lord, by enjoying yourselves."

We are advocates of a cheerful religion. How religion has been shorn of its strength, and robbed of its beauty, in the house of its friends! God, Christ, Man, Earth, and Heaven, and every sublime and charming topic has been compounded with vinegar and smoke, defiled by foolish and mischievous notions. The pure water of life, that flowed from the heart of Hebrew Prophets and Sages, and the Messiah's genial affection, has become intermixed with the phariseeism of one nation, the quibbling of another, the thirst for dominion of another, and the asceticism of another. The last has been not the least pernicious of the follies that have stained the purity and impeded the progress of Christianity. The least acquaintance with the devotional character of the wisest and best of Hebrew prophets, priests, and kings, will show they entered upon their religious duties with a joyous heart. God was their "exceeding joy," and their "meditations of him were sweet." "They rejoiced in the Lord." Those people who, in the days of Christ, wore sad faces, thinking there was some religious merit in so doing, were very roughly handled as hypocrites by him who is the type of heavenly life to us all.

It is in the power of religious men and women to scare away their neighbours and their children from their profession by unloveliness of life, or to win them over by the sound cheerfulness and constant joy their religion inspires. The spies who left the camp of the Israelites to examine the land of Canaan, came back laden with grapes, the largest and best the country could produce, and thus they strengthened the hearts of their companions. We should not be less wise in our lives to gather the fairest flowers and sweetest fruit of religion, which make glad our faces by a gladdened heart. There are no emotions so deep, no joys so pure and lasting as those that belong to the profession and life of religion. We have tears enough to shed, and sorrow enough to bear from other aspects of human life, than to make the mountains of the Lord a vale of tears. Religion was designed to visit us amid the troubles and losses of life, amid the rough breakers dashing on the shores of time, to keep us from sinking and bear our spirits up. To see her soft, white, angel hand that beckons us on to that better country, free from open foes to happiness, and fear's alarms, should cheer the heart of man.

We have a patent description of religion in the Bible by an old King, that had fathomed all the depths of human honour and sensual pleasure. He turns from these things at last, with disgust, and says of his first love, which he had in years of impulse, and his last love in years of more sober reason, "She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and *happy* is every one that embraceth her. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, yes, pure religion, the Christian religion, swells the bosom, purifies the heart, she is the treasure house and the pellucid fountain of the truest, lasting joys.

PLAIN DUTIES FROM OBSCURE TEXTS.

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all."—James ii. 10.—It was a maxim in former ages among some of the Rabbinical writers, "that he who observed any principal commandment was equal to him who kept the whole law." At first sight, the rule of the Rabbi seems to be very lax, and that of the Apostle severe; but in their spirit it is not unlikely but they may be much the same. The man who keeps a principal commandment of the law, from a principle of moral obedience, a devout reverence of God, may be a better man than he who has kept more commandments of the law; for it is possible that only one act of disobedience may be an indication of a character, were the temptations and opportunities more powerful and numerous that would lead to the violation of all the commandments. The person who breaks into the premises of another, and carries off the whole of the gold, the court would hold it as no extenuation of his crime that he had left much property unharmed, for had the whole been convertible into gold he would as gladly have been the thief of the whole, as a part. The divine writers deal with the principles of moral obedience more than its parts; they make the observance of those principles, or their repudiation, the criterion of moral excellency or of wickedness. Love to God and love to man are spoken of as the fulfilling of the law. He who loves God is a pious man, though some of the acts of his life may appear to men otherwise; and he who loves his neighbour will do him no harm; at least, we mean will stand uncondemned, though unwittingly he should do him a serious injury. Guided by this principle of interpretation, both the Jewish Rabbi and the Apostle James may be understood. This is the line of argument the Apostle is pursuing where the verse occurs, "If ye fulfil the royal law, ye do well. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. But if ye have respect of persons ye commit sin, and are convinced of the law as transgressors. For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all." The law is upon a broader principle than partial love and justice. The worst of men love those who love them, do at times justice to those who do justice to them, and speak well of those who speak well of them. If we have respect of persons, the Apostle affirms, and are just to one, unjust to another; love one, hate another; bear the frailties and weaknesses of one; impatient and unforgiving to another—we break the law, the only law, which hath no respect of persons, and are transgressors. Our observance of justice and good-will, our chastity and temperance, are founded upon some mere local temporary consideration and expediency, rather than upon a veneration for truth, justice, goodness, and what are of God. Our moral character has no depth, no foundation in obedience to God, and eternal right, has a mere fragmentary existence, and is therefore little worth. If self-interest and temporary results be all we admire justice for, then, as soon as we find our gain is on the other side, we will be unjust and unkind. They who sin against the divine authority of God, or eternal right, deliberately and presumptuously we mean, dissolve the connexion between their souls and justice, and declare war against it. If any inducement causes us to throw off our allegiance to God in any one duty, it only needs a stronger temptation to break all the commandments. Whoever violates principle, no one can then set the boundary of his disobedience. Whoever loves truth and justice for the sake of some part of it, and not through the love of the whole of it, is unfaithful to truth and justice; and such moral life is only a broken reed, on which we must take care not to trust. If a selfish interest prompted this partial obedience, when it suits the same party they will suppress truth and do injustice, when they can thus gain the same end. The Roman Catholics in England and Ireland love civil and religious liberty, but simply because of the advantage to them. They do not love it for Protestants in Austria or Spain. There is not the least merit in this partial obedience. In the Southern states of America the slave-holders love liberty abroad, and subscribe for Italian freedom, while they persecute to death liberators at home. They keep the law, yet offend in one essential point, and are guilty of all. This matter might be greatly amplified. The Scripture certainly requires that our actions be based on principle that moral life may rest on the poles of truth and justice, allegiance to God and eternity, whatever may be the issue. Our love of truth for no private end, our doing of justice for no mere sectional purpose, our goodness to be no fractional quality of character, our love of God for no respect of men or fear of torments, our worship to be in sincerity and truth. If we keep the royal law, without respect of persons, we do well; but if our obedience springs from some sordid motive, love of self, respect of persons, one offence is but the indication of a state of mind capable of breaking the whole law. Let us do justice for the inward admiration of it; speak the truth through the universal love of it; and obey and worship God from a real sense and feeling of the beauty and goodness of it.—Amen.

Salvation by Fire.

"If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."—1 Cor. iii. 15.—In the Bible salvation is spoken of as effected by *faith*, *hope*, *works*, *baptism*, etc., etc., and also by *fire*. The purgations and ordeals of the ancients may have given rise to some of the forms of expression. Fire and brimstone were both spoken of in ancient times, not only as methods of punishment, but of purification; and we always regard the punishment of sin, when spoken of by fire and brimstone, as purifying as well as punitive; for all divine punishments are surely so. *Pliny* says, "That brimstone was employed ceremoniously in ancient times in hallowing houses,

many were persuaded that the perfume and burning thereof would keep away all enchantments, and drive away all evil spirits." Many of the ancient writers speak of the purgations as Virgil does:

"Some plunged in water,
Others plunged in fires."

And again, *Servius* says, "Some purged in flame and sulphur, or washed in water; others ventilated in the wind." Scripture readers, in general, attach nothing but vindictive punishment to the terms fire and brimstone, when they occur in the Bible; however it is clear the text we have at the beginning speaks of fire as a means of salvation. This appears to have greatly perplexed many commentators, while they have readily understood the metaphor of man's nature being washed or saved as by water. In a previous article, "God a consuming fire," we have partly prepared the way for an easy exposition of this text. No person can misunderstand Zech. xiii. 9—"I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried." Nor is it difficult to understand Peter—"Now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire." David says—"Thou, O Lord, hast proved us and tried us, as silver is tried; we went through fire and water." These texts are almost identical with the one in Corinthians, supposed to be so difficult of explanation. Scripture, in general, very well explains itself. See also the benevolent intention, so clearly set forth—our salvation: "Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." —Isaiah xlviii. 10. The Roman Catholic church has understood these texts as purgatorial, and transferred them, without any show of reason, and against the tenor of the passage, to another world. They speak of what has been done, and is carried on here, whatever else may be done in another world. Every one of us will have, or have had, those seasons of severe trial; we have passed through fire and water, the hay and stubble have been consumed, and the sterling qualities of our nature have come forth purified by the fire. We have thanked God for affliction, when it was over, and we knew that no earthly good could be set against its worth. Individual character, national worth, and the inherent goodness of the Christian church, one and all, at times, have been revealed through those fiery trials ever and anon occuring. As the motion of the waters and the blast of the tempest keep the elements from putrifaction, so those seasons save the credit of the world from universal degeneracy, rottenness, and dishonour. It is one of the highest forms of piety and the divinest philosophy that leads to the confession, and the perception of this truth, and the comfort it gives in affliction. The angel of the Apocalypse draws aside the curtain of heaven, and we can look, listen, and learn. "There was a great number, that no man could number, around the throne of God, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands. These are they which came out of great TRIBULATION, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb (which may mean in trials unto death like his), therefore they are before the throne, and serve him day and night. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." What a blessed consummation after all the fiery trials of life. How true, as our great poet has said, in "*Troilus and Cressida:*"—

"These hours of shame, are indeed naught else
But the protractive trials of Great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in man;
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's lore:—for there the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all akin.
But in the wind and tempest of her frown
Destruction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing it all, winnows the chaff away;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled."

Be Careful for Nothing.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow, let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matt. vi. 34. "Labour not for the meat that perisheth."—John vi. 27. "Be careful for nothing."—Phil. iv. 7.—Those who have been so painstaking to find out the supposed absurdities and contradictions of the Bible, have pretty freely used these texts, and to complete the contempt they wished to pour upon the sacred writings—showing how irreconcilable one part is with another—they have quoted, "But if any provide not for his own, specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."—1 Tim. v. 8. We have sometimes thought men who are fond of finding Bible contradictions might read in Proverbs, twenty-sixth chapter and fourth verse, "Answer a fool according to his folly;" and in the next verse, "Answer not a fool according to his folly," and then conclude the book was filled with contradictions. It is really ungenerous and inconsiderate to treat the Bible, as it has been treated, by secularists and others. An extreme meaning has been forced upon various texts, and thus a plausible argument has been founded against it. We ask, is it fair to understand the Apostle Paul, who was a rational and intelligent man, as teaching, absolutely, we have to be careful for *nothing?* So his words may be forced to mean. Care for neither the things of time, nor eternity, body or soul, nor even those words of advice that I am now giving. This would be surely absurd, yet much akin to this is the way many texts are used by the opponents of New Testament morality. The words of Christ, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth," should be taken in their proper connection. The Gospel narrative states, that Jesus had fed a great multitude in the wilderness; and again, these people follow him to the other side of the sea. Christ saw the reason why they had so laboured to find him again. "Verily, verily, I say unto you ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." It was not for the

bread of life, the richness of heavenly wisdom, and true spiritual knowledge—the imperishable food—but the perishable, and for this did Christ say, "Labour not (*i. e.* seek me not) for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." Christ never disapproves of honest and peaceful labour; we believe he lived by the labour of his hands. It is equally unfair to put that extreme and absurd meaning on the text, "Take no thought for the morrow." No reasonable man would infer that Christ meant henceforth have no thought about your future condition whatever; plough not to sow; sow not to reap; let no man build or bake for to-morrow, nor make any preparation for the future at all. Suspend all the providential operations of life. This is an extremely absurd interpretation, and the folly is with those who force it upon the Scripture. The grand design of Christ's life and precepts project into the future. To forego present pleasures, profits, and honours for the sake of future good. For the to-morrow and future of life Christ taught, lived, and died. The true meaning of the text interpreted by the genius of Christ's life, and the original language of the text, is, Be not anxiously careful, very solicitous, distracting the mind with the future. Do the work of to-day, with the care of to-day; to-morrow's cares and work will be sufficiently heavy, as to-day's are, without burdening our mind with them to-day. It is to strength and calmness of mind the Saviour leads us. His counsel agrees with the truest philosophy of life. He says, keep doing the daily duties of life; and keep from dreading the duties of to-morrow. If mankind spent the nervous energy and mental fire they possess in *doing* what their hand finds them to do, instead of *dreading* what their doubting hearts go so far-a-head to seek, it would be better for the world. Alas, how often when we disobey the spirit of Christian teaching, we fill our minds with anxiety about the dark clouds of the future, and not unfrequently thus weaken ourselves to grapple with the difficulties of to-morrow by our distracting care. Let us calm ourselves by assurances of divine care, and by faithful prayer for the spirit of God to keep us safe from the feverish anxieties of life. Sufficient to-day is the evil thereof.

A FAIR, PRACTICAL CREED.

THE following was Goethe's Creed. There have been many worse ones in the Church, we are sure:

"Open world and generous living,
Long full years of honest striving,
Much inquiring, much new grounding,
Ne'er concluding, often sounding,
Reverence for what is oldest, truest,
Friendly welcome for the newest;
Cheerful heart and purpose pure;
So—our onward way is sure.

"If thou art anything, keep still;
In silence all will work out well;
For one may place him where he will,
The real man will always tell."

THE JUBILEE OF SUCCESS.

JUST at this time, when our Church appears to be putting on the armour of Christian earnestness, it may strengthen our hands and hearts, to ponder for a few minutes the following facts. The Primitive Methodist Church has just commemorated its labours of the first fifty years of its history, and during that time has gathered under its banner 132,114 members; to this we should add 50,000, who have been translated to another world. At present there are 675 ministers, and 11,384 local preachers in this communion. To these we add a band of helpers, 7,803 class leaders, and 30,988 Sunday-school teachers. They have provided chapel-room for about one million of attendants. The immense good these Christian preachers and teachers have done during fifty years no human power can calculate; the conversions from sin to righteousness they have effected, the impulse they have given to industry, thrift, temperance, education, and civilization, is world-wide. We witnessed with pleasure, a month or two ago, a fact we would chronicle. Within the memory of members of this Church they were prosecuted in this country, on trumped-up charges, arising from their zeal; in the very city where such things had been done (Durham), the Attorney-General of England, laid the foundation-stone of a chapel for them, the other month. Differing from these earnest disciples of Christ in some great doctrines, yet we wish them God speed in the cause of righteousness, in which already they have acquitted themselves so well.

A friend of ours has written a poem, "Ebenezer," in which he celebrates their spirit and labours. It is a poem of considerable merit, peculiar and free in its style, commendatory of a ministry and Church in earnest, and what may thus be done. We are sorry our space allows us to lay before our readers so few of its lines.

He deals with *indifferentism* with a proper severity.

Indifferentism is worse than doubt.
We deal with doubt as with a known disease,
But cool indifference is a covert ill
Which spreads contagion on all around;
For whilst it damns the world, it blights the Church.
Infected thus insures a quick decay—
The pestilence issues its poisonous breath,
Which men inhale, and soon are chilled in death—
Unless Jehovah interposes by
His earnest messengers, who cry aloud,
"I would that thou wert either cold or hot."

The poet very clearly denotes the character of the ministers that have been chiefly instrumental in this great success.

The object of their labour was not *place*,
But glory unto God; their motive, love;
Their toil, not to win bread but living souls.
No! Mere emolument was not their aim,

Nor worldly aggrandisement their pursuit,
Or they had never trod that weary path
Of persecution, poverty, and pain.
Salvation's scheme of life by faith in Christ,
To them was not an echo—fable—myth—
But full emancipation realised.

* * * * * *

Heaven's last and chief behest to them was, "Go!"
And on they went, not with an idle tale
Of man's device, or sounding words of self.
They knew full well in whom they had believed,
By the blest witness of His risen power.
This certainty, and felt assurance, of
The vital power of Christian truth, urged them
To sacrifice their body, soul, and all,
Upon that shrine which sanctifies the gift.
They loved Him because He first loved them,
And love desired the glory of His name,
Which glory is the welfare of mankind.

* * * * * *

Their language was, "Not unto us, but God!"
And ever told His praises, not their own.
Dissent was not the root from which they sprang,
Nor polity the rock on which they split.
They came as an auxiliar to break up
The great outspreading vineyard, lying waste.
No room for them was found within the rich
Cathedral, or the stately temple pile.
They courted not high places, but believed
Their mission was to wander through the wide
Domain of fallow ground, to plough it up;
Their message was unto the desert world.
They knew the world would never seek the Church;
They knew the Church should ever seek the world.

The writer justly affirms they were not men who split hairs on uncertain subjects, or profitless theological speculation.

What is the purpose?
Is it to solve some theologic point,
On which so many others waste their fires,
And spend their live-long strength to leave unsolved?
Or split the fine, etherial, filmy hairs
Of speculative, deep philosophy,
On which the sages spend their lives to leave unsplit?
No! Their design is practical. They are
Not theologians, but men for work;
Not deep philosophers, but men of faith;
Not grouped for argument, but met to pray.
By mighty power of faith they found direct
Communication with the Deity.

Unsupported by State patronage, or grants, amongst the poorest of the land, they have done the most good work. It is pleasing, in walking through our English villages, to find their footprints everywhere.

Yes! from the humble village chapel plot
Incense as sweetly savoured has gone forth
As ever rose from consecrated site,
Made sacred by a bishop's benison.
Not one erected by a nation's tithes,
Extorted from its overburdened sons:
Or not supported by injurious rates,
Made legal by a Parliamentary Act;
Nor aided by a State-grant made by men,
When for such purpose 'twas not theirs to give.
No! whilst we pay a portion of the tithes,
And rates, and grants, voted to bolster up
And keep our neighbours' churches from decay,
We, by our voluntary offerings,
Have reared, supported, and now keep our own,
Desiring only what we can maintain.

The duties of churches and their ministers are sternly set forth in the following lines.

A church believing asks for men of faith;
A thinking church requires a man of thought;
A church in labour calls for active men;
And as demand is consonant with need,
Supply is ever present with demand.
Yea! should our irreligion and decay
Bespeak a *thing* with neither intellect nor heart,
Who only echoes, and can scarcely that.
To still our deadness and to gloze our sins,
These are not wanting.

* * * * * *

If there is crime too base for blackest hell,
That makes the devils shudder and turn pale,
It is for a man to fritter life away,
Presuming to assume the priestly robes,
Unthinkingly, unrighteous, and unfit;
Whose highest motive is securing "Place,"
Making the pastor's charge but means to live;
The church a money change, the desk a stall.
The ministerial office he may fill,
But woe betide the spiritual dearth!
The pastor's duty he can ne'er sustain,
Save pandering to the richest of his flock,
And idly lolling on the velvet-couch,
Endorsing all the small talk of the small;
But visitation of the poor—and lacking which
The Church will quickly in supineness sink—
He cannot relish, for their poor abodes
Would be offensive to his petted tastes.
May Heaven forbid that we should sink so low
As choose the minister because of birth,
His bearing, finish, or exterior;
Or that our worship should be mere parade—
A holiday's endurance, nothing more.

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Let it be ours to check the growth of pride,
And we need never dread formality;
To cultivate the lowly mind of Christ,
And emulate his sweet humility;
To build on principles, and not on rites;
Aspiring daily to the perfect mind;
True to the charge bequeathed unto the Church,
Inspirited by deeds we celebrate,
From conquering unto conquest still go forth,
Striving to push the battle to the gate.
We cannot all be men to carry arms,
And brave the perils of the open field;
But whilst our brethren meet the enemy,
We may, like David, carry down supplies.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

WORTHY OF PITY.—We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

MAGPIETY.—Thomas Hood once admonished a gossiping Christian to beware lest her piety should prove, after all, to be nothing better than Magpiety.

POVERTY.—It is related of Poussin, that having been shown a picture by a person of rank, he remarked, "You only want a little poverty, sir, to make you a good painter."

MOTIVE TO REPENTANCE.—Dr. A. Clarke, Methodist commentator, in one of his sermons, says: "From long experience, I can testify that preaching the dying love of Christ who bought us, is of more avail to convert sinners, comfort the distressed, and build up believers in the most holy faith, *than all the fires of hell.*" Let our Methodist friends ponder this.

WRONG IMPRESSION.—Rev. J. Chunder Gangooly, a Brahmin convert, in the course of one address, corrected some popular errors concerning the Car of Juggernaut. It was no part of the worship for a devotee to cast himself under the wheels of the car. Accidents sometimes happened, and people were killed in the crush; but Juggernaut demanded no human sacrifice. He was the Brahmin god of love, peace, and mercy.

THE LENGTH OF CHRIST'S CROSS.—The Rev. Charles Kingsley asks, "How long is the cross of Christ?" And answers, "Long enough to last through all time. As long as there is a sinner to be saved; as long as there is ignorance, sorrow, pain, death, or anything else which is contrary to God and hurtful to man, in the universe of God, so long will Christ's cross last. For it is written, 'He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet; and God is All in all.' And that is the length of the Cross of Christ."

PROGRESS OF UNITARIANISM.—At a meeting held in Sunderland, a few months ago, the Rev. J. De Liefde (Trinitarian, from Holland) stated, "that of 1,500 Protestant ministers in Holland, 1,400 were Unitarians." Thank God. There is some reason to hope that Gospel religion will soon supersede superstition on the Continent.

FELLOW SINNERS.—Is it necessary or advisable to address an audience continually, as "fellow sinners?" Is it not enough to be fellow-creatures, born yesterday, suffering and striving to-day, dying to-morrow? By our common humanity, my brothers and sisters, by our common capacities for pain and pleasure, by our common laughter and our common tears, by our common tendency to believe in something good, and to invest whatever we love, or whatever we lose with some qualities that are superior to our own failings and weakness as we know them in our own poor hearts — by these, hear me! Surely it includes the other designation and some touching meanings over and above.—*All the Year Round.*

CAIN THE FIRST UNITARIAN.—We have had some difficulty in the North of England, of late, to determine who was the first inventor of the locomotive, recent as the invention is. We would now have the question placed in the hands of a clergyman in our midst, who has just dived through all the depths of history, and discovered, to frighten his parishioners from attending the Unitarian Chapel, that "*Cain was the first Unitarian.*" We say, Adam.

MARY.—Who does not love the plain, yet beautiful name, Mary? It is from the Hebrew, and means a "tear-drop." What sweet and joyful hours of other days—what pleasing associations the very name calls up in every heart! Who knows ill of Mary? Who that does not love the name, and has not had every ligament of his heart moved to melody at its mention? If there be anything gentle, valued, and womanly, what Mary possesses it not? Was it not Mary who was

"Last at the cross and earliest at the grave?"

And was not Mary the mother of the Saviour of the world? Blessed be the name of Mary.

LOOK UP.—Here is a good moral under the guise of a fable:—"A young man once picked up a sovereign in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along."

CARLYLE ON ETERNAL TORMENTS.—The Rev. Dr. Clapp gives the following as the sentiment expressed by this great man on his recent interview with him. "I enjoy an extended personal acquaintance with ministers of various denominations in England and Scotland. Neither in nor out of the pulpit have I ever heard one argue in favour of the doctrine of endless evil. I am satisfied that no intelligent clergyman among us embraces it. How inexplicable that educated men, closing their eyes against the irresistible evidence of unbounded goodness and power in the natural power around and within them, should make themselves believe that final, hopeless, remediless misery is the grand, sublime consummation of the Creator's moral achievements! The horrid doctrine is not to be found in the New Testament."

NOTICE.—The "Hand-Book" will be presented to each Subscriber towards the close of this Year.

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